

# Girl with Psychic Eyes Astounds Scientists

Is it possible for any one to have "psychic eyes"? This simple question will of course at once command a terse, emphatic reply:

"Yes!"  
"No!"

And so it is an interesting question, becoming more and more so, it seems, every day.

To those who answer "yes" and to those who answer "no"—which embraces every one—a recent scene in Omaha, Neb., would have been entertaining.

Two persons—one a high school girl and the other a prominent club woman active in civic affairs—were seated at opposite sides of a drawing room table. The latter had come to ask of the other if she could tell what had become of a diamond set ring which the club woman had lost the day before. She did not explain to the schoolgirl how she had lost the ring or where she had been during the afternoon—she merely asked for the information.

The schoolgirl was silent a moment. Suddenly her body grew tense, her lips quivered, her eyes seemed to be gazing into space. Others were in the room listening; they, too, became rigid—as if aware of being in the presence of the unreal. The schoolgirl spoke—eyes still staring as if into ethereal nothingness:

**Tells Just Where to Look**

**And Urges Haste to Find It**

"You made two visits yesterday to the homes of friends to whom you owed social calls. Then you went to your home. In the last house you visited you lost your ring. Go there at once. Lose no time, for the man servant in that house will begin going over the carpets in the southwest bedroom on the second floor in half an hour from now with a vacuum cleaning machine. If you enter the room before the man with the vacuum cleaning machine you will find your ring entangled in the fringe of a rug in the southeast corner of the room. You were in that room just before you left the house yesterday afternoon."

The club woman's body trembled. A pallor came into her face. She could not speak for a moment, though all eyes in the room, except those of the schoolgirl, were turned questioningly upon her. When she did speak it was to exclaim:

"It is uncanny—I can't believe my ears! I made two visits yesterday—just as she says; I stopped a minute in the southwest bedroom of the second house at which I called—just long enough to use a bit of powder. How could she know?"

It was agreed by all present the girl could not have known. She had not seen the woman before, and no one in the room had known of the club woman's social activities the previous day.

The woman hurried to her car and drove at once to the "second house she had visited." She excitedly explained her mission of the day before to her hostess. Together the two went to the "southwest bedroom" and there, two feet from the wall in the "southeast corner," just where the fringe of the rug lay in little tangles, sparkled the stone of the lost ring.

While the two women looked awestricken at each other the houseman came to the door and asked if madame were ready for him to use the vacuum cleaning machine in that room!

This is not an idle bit of "fortune teller's" fiction. The club woman is Mrs. W. J. Hunter, whose home is at 4804 Webster street, in Omaha. Her hostess "at the second house she visited" the day her ring was missed was Mrs. Graham of 301 North Thirty-third street. It is Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Graham, not the high school girl, who have told of the amazing circumstances.

That is only one of the many things this mere child has done to mystify and astonish the people of her own town, Atchison, Kan., and the people of Omaha, where she has been for a few weeks. Everything she does is astonishing, whether uncanny or regular. She is known to be a mystery worker, a most profound and naive deliver into the realm of the unknown, and so it is a cause for astonishment to see her as she is—a natural, unassuming, fairly studious schoolgirl, 17 years old and a member of the Junior class of the Atchison High School.

**She's "a Regular Girl"**

**And Is Very Much Liked**

She likes boys; she likes everything that most girls like. She is, in the opinion of her schoolmates of the other sex, "just a regular girl." Her name is Eugenie Dennis, which is, in a manner of speaking, as unassuming a name as ever a girl could bear.

One quality which has assisted in giving conviction to those of Atchison and Omaha who are convinced that she is something supernatural is her reticence to claim wide, spiritual powers. She does not claim to have established a personal contact with the saints. Nor does she pretend to go into deep trances and to see things in glittering array passing before her eyes. In her "seances" Eugenie Dennis sits in a rocking chair in the full and usual light of day and talks of things which are unseen to the inhabitants of a tangible world much as if she might be talking of a movie.

To know her as a perfectly normal girl, pretty and interested in things conventional, and then to suddenly discover that she has some gift of seeing beyond the sight of others, is bound to be astonishing. What this gift is must be determined. It

This "regular girl," Miss Eugenie Dennis, of Atchison, Kansas, only in her 'teens, has shown marvelous psychic powers. In the picture below she is telling a matronly friend where to look for a lost diamond ring.



would be indeed unfair to either deny or affirm her supernatural gifts until the world has seen the proof.

David Abbott of 3316 Center street, Omaha, is one who has given a great deal of attention to Eugenie Dennis. Mr. Abbott is a master in legerdemain. His life work is the devising of apparently impossible phenomena for the use of stage magicians. He is a magicians' magician, and there are few tricks which verge on the supernatural or the uncanny which he is not familiar with. It has been his boast that he could do any "stunt" any of the so-called spirit mediums could do. And he has demonstrated that he can explain in simple English words the most mysterious of the "spiritual" manifestations of "trance mediums."

It has been said that half of the tricks in use by magicians the world over were invented by Abbott. He himself is not of the stage. But his home in Omaha is equipped with contrivances of all sorts by means of which he reproduces psychical tricks to prove that they are not psychical at all.

One of his great exhibitions is to decapitate himself. He will be standing openly in his drawing room, surrounded by spectators, then he will take a sword and draw it across his neck. Abbott from the shoulders down will step aside and Abbott's head, with an affable smile on its face, will be resting comfortably upon a table. That, of course, is legerdemain.

Abbott was commissioned by the American Society for Psychical Research of New York to investigate the "power" of the Atchison schoolgirl. So he took her into his home, where she stayed under constant scrutiny for several weeks. Her investigator is a man who is up to all the tricks of the gentry who deal in affairs mysterious. He had in the past exposed many who were promulgating claims to prophetic and psychic powers. He had no faith in the new cult, arisen out of the desires of relatives of soldiers slain in the recent war to see and talk again with their loved ones.

Hence he undertook to prove that seventeen-year-old Eugenie Dennis of Atchison was under some sort of misapprehension. But the first day he had her under observation and began to talk to her he vaguely sensed that Eugenie was not like the ordinary press agent, falsely modest members of the mysterious cult.

He asked her about herself and her "spirit power."

She resented his question. That surprised him. "Spirits?" she quavered, indignantly.

"I don't know anything about spirits. I never saw one. The words just come into my mouth and I have to say them. Sometimes I see things and the words are sent from somewhere to me and I couldn't possibly keep from describing what I am seeing."

**Never Saw Such a Seance, With Girl Talking Naturally**

In the "magic house" at Omaha Abbott received another surprise. He arranged a "seance" for Eugenie, and he watched to see what sort of trance she would go into. He had seen all sorts of trances. But this girl didn't go into a trance at all. She simply sat apparently in intense concentration and talked as if she were telling an uncomplicated narrative; and Abbott marvelled.

Eugenie is receiving much curious attention and her case is to be carried into a further investigation. She is to be observed by the psychic scientists in the elaborately equipped laboratories of the American Society for Psychical Research, in charge of Dr. Hereward Carrington.

Indeed, in many ways the schoolgirl of Kansas does present unique material for study—material which has at least aroused wide curiosity. Miss Dennis began to startle her immediate friends a year ago. It is told of her, with considerable amusement, that it was a young suitor who first spread the rumor that Eugenie "could talk to spirits." He told it of himself that he was taking her for a motor ride when he proposed that they park the car in a shaded spot at the edge of town where he might steal a kiss.

It has been pointed out that Eugenie confesses that she is not averse to boys—indeed, she is inclined to proclaim her

**Wonderful Power of Kansas High School Pupil Displayed Almost Unconsciously, and She Tells Astonished Friends Full Details of a Murder, an Accident and Other Dramatic Occurrences at the Very Moments of Their Happenings, Though She Is Miles Away—American Psychical Research Society to Put Miss Eugenie Dennis Under Its Laboratory Tests**

decided liking for them—just as she openly admits her fondness for bonbons, especially those that are chocolate coated. She agreed, coquettishly, to the parking in the shaded spot.

But before the kiss had materialized she suddenly became tense—so the young man re-

cate disposition would have been likely to do at the sight of the man lying dying and at the ominous sound of the crash of the collision.

She could not explain how the terrible vision had come to her. She cannot, and makes no effort to, explain any of the far off, weird sights that come before her "psychic eye"—if "psychic eye" there be.

The "observations and testings," as Mr. Abbott calls his investigation into the gifts of the Kansas girl, have covered several weeks, and many of the tests have been so spectacular and the demonstrations so awe-inspiringly curious that it was deemed essential to arrange to take Miss Dennis to New York for the further tests which are soon to take place.

**To Be Brought Here**

**To Undergo More Tests**

Abbott says he will tell "a most fascinating story" to the Society for Psychical Research. Some of the carefully compiled proofs of important manifestations of Eugenie's have been assembled and are quite interesting.

Wednesday evening, February 8, Mr. Abbott assembled twenty-five guests at his home to meet the girl and to observe demonstrations of her unusual tendencies. It is doubtful if that evening will ever be forgotten by those who came to see out of curiosity and who found one of the most enthralling of evenings.

Soon after the spectators had assembled Eugenie went into that perfectly normal, entirely human and not at all extraordinary state of normal concentration which precedes the "revelations." She was soon reciting interesting and truthful things about the personal affairs of each of her guests—recitals which amazed the hearers.

With the suddenness of a craftsmanlike climax of a thrilling melodrama, Eugenie raised her hand and cried in shrill and excited tones:

"Wait! Wait!"

That repeated exclamation broke sharply into the personal demonstrations she was giving to Mrs. C. W. Kaltefleiter, of 2211 Ohio street, and Mrs. H. C. T. Wulff, of 3314 South Nineteenth street, both of Omaha.

"I'm getting something!" Eugenie cried, "Something awful is happening. A man is being killed, right now—right here in Omaha. I see a street car. I see three dark-faced men running through the streets. The man is dead."

**Heart of the Murder**

**On Their Way Home**

That was all. Then she went on giving her message to Mrs. Kaltefleiter.

Fifteen minutes later the guests left the Abbott home. They went to a trolley station nearby and boarded a home-bound car. Having taken their seats in the trolley, they observed that the conductor—whose name is Edward Harrington—and the passengers were all much excited and were talking of a murder which, it seemed, had taken place in close proximity to them. "What happened?" Mrs. Kaltefleiter asked Harrington.

"A policeman was just killed at the end of the carline—about fifteen minutes ago," the conductor replied.

The policeman who had been killed was Patrolman James E. Scott.

An investigation showed that the murder had taken place exactly at the minute Eugenie had seen it with her "psychic eye"—that three negroes had been overheard plotting to commit the crime, and that the dead policeman had been shot by each of the plotters. This story is on record, signed and sworn to, and will be presented by Abbott to the Society for Psychical Research.

Abbott admits what he has never admitted before—that he is practically convinced Eugenie Dennis has a power which this world knows nothing of; that she has a mind which reaches into some immortal plane of habitation, which reaches out, likewise, into the lower "wave strata" and catches things that have to do with ordinary, hum-drum contemporary life.

A first theme in physics—not psychics—holds that if a tree fall in a primeval forest, where there is not the smallest atom of animal life and where no ears are to

hear it, then there can be no crash; there is no sound where there is no ear to hear it.

But will Miss Eugenie Dennis, a mere high school girl, and not a tremendously adept one at that—will she be the means of refuting this time old and intriguing theory? Perhaps. Perhaps not. It is within the range of the believable that she may be the medium to prove that there is in mortal life a new sense, a new perception which is a far flung development from that primitive, crude instinct which the first man had and which exists in the name of "acumen" until the nascent generation.

What if we all have, submerged, that power which makes Eugenie Dennis unique? What if she has only discovered and uncovered her subtle perceptivity by accident? Many things are being learned to-day. It would take a great deal to startle the world. But it would be startling if some psychic or physical scientist should break forth with the theory that Eugenie Dennis lives to demonstrate the use of a common faculty—a glorified instinct—that she is a living proof that the human mind, which all the ages until now have arrogantly held to be personal and private property, is in reality—or unreality—the property of the universe, the cosmic mind somehow related to every other machine of thought under the stars of heaven. Even in some vague but growing relation to the planets and the spheres.

**Told American Legion Boys Many Things of "Buddies"**

That is a flight of imagination, but, after all, imagination is conservative. The maddest envisioning of the past is occasionally outlived by the truth of the present.

But to come to earth again:

At the recent national convention of the American Legion in Kansas City Eugenie appeared, and her "readings" on that occasion were mysterious in the extreme to some of the veterans who "got into communication" with comrades who had been killed in France. She proved definitely to the minds of some of these veterans that she was conveying messages from dead soldiers, for the "voices" reminisced over incidents which were dear memories and of which she personally could have in no wise known.

In Omaha she has located long lost papers; she has recovered lost jewelry; she has told mothers where wandering children might be found. She has repeated a "test conversation," agreed upon years ago between Abbott and a dying friend, who promised to fulfill the agreement whenever he found a medium of communication.

Some will believe that it is "spirits" that call to the schoolgirl and reveal to her those things hidden to others; the majority will not. Many of those who have witnessed extraordinary demonstrations do not believe that it is aught of the occult or supernatural. They merely admit they have witnessed what they cannot explain, but insist, of course, that there is an explanation. But all are agreed that the little schoolgirl is innocent of all pretense. None has discovered grounds for an "expose." She seems to be above suspicion.

"I do not know how I do it," Eugenie Dennis says. "It seems to just come to me. I do not try to know things—to see things far away. I just can't help myself when the things begin to come."

It is because of the startling aspects of some of this schoolgirl's revelations that it has been decided to take her to New York city for a "psychical laboratory test."

**Coloring Silk in Cocoons**

MUCH interest has been awakened by the experiments at Lyons in feeding silkworms with leaves stained with various dyes in order to cause them to spin silk of corresponding hues. When fed on red food the worm spins red cocoons, and the silk seems to retain the color. The experiments with leaves stained blue have been less successful.

Although the expectation has been raised that this process may prove of commercial importance, the experimenters say that they do not expect to make any discoveries which will affect the industry of dyeing.